Per. I will beleeue you by the ſillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue mee a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vppon me, ore-beare the ſhores of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy
Mar. Is it no more to be you
thers name was *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſ*
the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, ri
Giue me freſh garments, mine o
at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould haue b
tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kn
ſhe is thy very Princes; who is t

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of
melancholy, did come to ſee you

Per. I embrace you, giue me
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh
But harke, what Muſicks this *H*
Tell him ore point by point, for
How ſure you are my daughter.

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Muſicke of th

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe h

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord, I hear

Per. Moſt heauenly muſicke,
It nips me vnto liſtening, and th
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me r

Lyſ. A pillow for his head, ſo
Well my companion friends, i
liefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple ſtands in
Hie thee thither, and do vpon m
my maiden prieſts are met toge
ueale how thou at ſea didſt loſe
with thy daughters call, and giu
performe my bidding, or thou
by my ſiluer bow; awake and te

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, Goddeſſ
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.